

Halo 2

by Synthetico

Category: Halo

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-03-30 12:35:23

Updated: 2007-03-30 12:35:23

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:09:53

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 485

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A Poem About The Arbiter and the Spartan, or in other words,
Halo 2

Halo 2

One is rewarded, one is punished,

For the destruction of the ring, Halo.

A mark of glory, a mark of shame,

The Spartan and the Sangheili

Fleets of ships, explosions, death,

Suddenly out of nowhere.

Headed to earth, to enslave, to conquer,

Humans' blood will stain the earth.

The Spartan

Defender of the human race,

The last hope of survival.

Beating off the covenant attacks,

At the giants pace.

The covenant flee on ships of silver,

Through the light speed tunnels.

In amber clad, the ship of war,

Follows , destination unknown.

The Arbiter

Dragged through tunnels and cells

Beaten, bruised and tortured.

The Sangheili is brought before the high council,

The ultimate punishment, the greatest privilege.

"You are no heretic, but you have failed.

Your name shall be the arbiter, hand of the prophets."

With armour of gray and sword of energy,

He burned the heretic, the parasite and the sentinel

The Spartan

A giant leap, a blinding light,

And everything comes into view.

Delta Halo, the second, the greater,

The covenants faith has been rewarded.

Into a battlefield in pods of fire,

Weapons blazing.

A temple, transformed,

A bloodbath.

The prophet regret, plans the journey,

The activation of the ring.

Until the Spartan slew him,

Killed by human hands.

The Covenants rage is great,

At the fall of the prophet, regret.

But the Spartan eludes them once again,

Diving before they strike.

A watery grave for the Spartan,

A slow and painful death.

Tentacles surround him,

And a deep growling voiceâ€¡

"This is not your grave,

But you are welcome in itâ€¡"

The Arbiter

Victorious, he returns from form the heresy,

Only to find the guard has changed.

His kind have been replaced,

With the Jiralhanae, the Brutes.

The Sangheili are outraged,

While the brutes secretly gloat.

The prophets plan the activation once again,

But a key is needed to unlock salvation.

The Library! The Cradle of the Key!

The Arbiter is sent to retrieve the icon.

Parasite after parasite he slew,

While humans race against him.

The key ahead, he takes and holds,

"Excellent work" the brutes do say

Until they take their aim.

"When the prophets learn of this, they will take your head!"

When they learn? Fool, they ordered me to do it."

He fell.

Underground, a cave, a hole.

The arbiter and the Spartan did fall.

The Gravemind, the parasite king,

Has them both at hand.

"This one is machine and nerve, and has its mind concluded.

This one is but flesh and faith, and is more the deluded"

The Arbiters faith is shattered,

The truth now told to him.

The Spartan has known all along,

The Gravemind every whim.

"There is still time to stop the key from turning,

But first it must be found."

"You will search one likely spot,

And you will search another.

Fate have us meet as foes,

But this ring will make us brothers"

End
file.